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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

OF ONE WHO IS DEAF.

As one apart in mellow shade,
With smiling sadness she doth dwell;
No sounds nor harsh or sweet invade
Her ear's unvibrant shell.

Yet she, on lips that love hath taught,
Can read the pantomimic word;
With sparry search that fathoms thought,
It seems her eyes have heard.

So do the stars to lonely men,
Who cross some vast and open wild;
Deepen with all-discerning ken,
Unsinning, just, yet mild.

Altho' to them there arrives no sound
Of all that fills our lower night,
They broke the human bond profound,
With silent shaft of light.

Oh, who beneath night's searching skies,
But feels his inmost being known,
Or who that meets her starry eyes,
But his unworth must own.

Edith M. Thomas in Atlantic monthly.

STORY TELLER.

"The Last Tramp."

I had this story from a dear friend, who told it to me one day when we were talking of the accidents of life—more astonishing and romantic a hundred times than the inventions of fiction. He had seen this little drama enacted under his eyes, and had known the actors in it. "I'll introduce you," he said to me, "and we will go together to Mezieres, where we shall find still living one of the heroes of this story. All the romances have not yet been written; the most marvellous have still to be published. And who knows how much each of us will carry away with him, deeply buried in the secret of his conscience, painfully stifled under the stone that marks his grave?"

My friend Eugene Decary little thought how nearly those words applied to himself. The story of Jean Chevauchaux was the last he was ever to tell me. Pure spirit! poor heart which beat so vainly for all that was beautiful and good on earth! That bright soul is fled, that warm heart is silent now.

It is he, however, who is going to speak:—

"My father lived at Rethel, in the High Street. I can still see his house, with its slate roof and its jutting beams; a hospitable house if ever there was one. Poor people knew how well it was to stop there; they entered with empty wallets and went from it with wallets filled.

"We were seated one evening by the fireside, my father smoking his pipe and gazing into the sparkling ashes on the hearth, my mother ironing the family linen, I reading, when suddenly outside, near the street door, a great noise was heard, and we saw a lad with a face of terror enter hurriedly.

"What is the matter?"

"A soldier has fallen at your door—overcome by fatigue," answered the lad.

"My father loved soldiers. He sprang from his seat and rushed out of doors, and before I had taken half a dozen steps to follow him, he was returning with a young soldier, so well supported that my father was carrying him like a sack of corn. My mother hastened to wheel a big arm-chair near to the fire, and the young man was assisted to sit down in it, or, rather, he was laid down in it, and my father, looking at him pitifully, said:—

"Is it possible you can be tramping the roads in such a condition?"

"The young soldier was, indeed, very pale and thin, his hair glued to his forehead with perspiration, the veins on his temples swelled to the thickness of your little finger, his face black with the dust of the highway. We were then in the month of October, and the air was beginning to be cold; but great beads of sweat stood upon the poor fellow's brow as if it had been in the dogs days. He must have had a long walk; his shoes were worn out, the leather cut to pieces by sharp stones, as we could see. The upper leather of the left shoe had been torn from the sole, and the foot within was bleeding.

"He lay in the chair motionless, his head thrown back, his eyes half open, and white as linen.

"My mother had already put some soup on the fire, as well as a pipkin of wine.

"Bah!" said my father, "the chief matter is his feet!"

"He was on his knees before the poor fellow, pulling, cutting, tearing off the fragments of the boots. The

young soldier's feet were terribly swollen and covered with blisters, resembling the feet of the martyrs wealed with hard cords shown in the pictures of some of the Spanish painters. My father dipped his handkerchief in vinegar, washed and dressed the wounds.

"Make some lint," he said to me.

"I tore off some linen which my mother handed to me from the press.

"The soldier had by this time come to himself. He looked at us—at my father, mother, me, and two or three neighbors who were there, one after the other. We could see that he was trying to comprehend what was passing about him. It was no longer the highway, the sharp stones of the road, the great, houseless woods that met his eyes; but a comfortable room, with a shining oak ceiling, a table covered with a snowy cloth, and ready laid, and in a brown earthenware a steaming mess of cabbage soup emitting an appetizing odor.

"Then he raised himself, resting on the arm of the chair, and said to my father in broken accents:—

"But, monsieur—you—you do not know me!"

"We'll make each other's acquaintance at table, then," said my father, smiling.

"We had already dined, but my father wished to keep the soldier company. He placed himself at table facing the young man, and examined the regimental buttons of his hooded coat. The soldier ate with great appetite, helped by my mother, my father filling the glasses, which did not rest long empty.

"So, he said, suddenly, pointing to the tin tube box which hung suspended by a cord to the young soldier's neck, you have served your time, since you have there got your discharge. But what the deuce are you doing, trying to kill yourself on the roads? I see how it is—you haven't any money to pay for a place on the diligence?"

"I," said the soldier, "I have been paid my discharge money, and my mother would have sent me more than enough for my fare if I had wanted it; but—well, I couldn't ride."

"I understand," replied my father, who did not by the least comprehend the meaning of what the soldier had said. He called for an other bottle.

"The meal ended, the soldier tried to walk, but he staggered on his feet, uttered a stifled cry and fell back into the chair. I then saw tears start to his eyes. He was a young man, thin, wiry, dark complexioned and nervous, with a look of energy in his face—not a man to weep at trifles. Those tears in his eyes puzzled me.

"I shall not be able to walk before to-morrow!" he cried in a tone in which anger was mixed with mortification.

"Walk!" exclaimed my mother in alarm.

"Continue your tramp," cried my father.

"The soldier shook his head.

"You do not know," he said. "I must do it!—It's a vow!"

"I saw my father look intently into the young man's face, with a dumb, questioning gaze.

"I'll tell you all about it," said the young soldier, "for you have perhaps saved my life, and I owe it to you to tell you who I am.

"My name is Jean Chevauchaux, and my father is a lath splitter at Mezieres—an honest man, resembling you, monsieur. Seven years ago, when I was drawn for the conscription, I was wildly in love with Marguerite Servan, a girl as good as she was pretty. I had already asked for her hand and her father had not said me nay; but at the same time as myself Pierre Puvieux had asked to be her husband. Pierre Puvieux is about my own age, a good fellow, who carries his heart in his hand, as the saying is. I ought to have detested him, and he remained my friend. Judge!

"Daddy Servan held out his hand to me and said:—

"You are worthy to become my son-in-law, but you must get Marguerite's consent."

"When the question was put to her, Marguerite said she would willingly have me for her husband, but she said exactly the same in regard to Puvieux. She loved one as well as the other, and could not decide which of us to select. She could not marry both of us, however.

"For a moment I was in great fear, I confess. It was said at Mezieres that Puvieux had a rich aunt who was going to buy him a substitute; if he stayed behind he would marry Marguerite, and I,

sure of having to go, for I was poor, already heard the wedding fiddles tearing my ears and heart.

"You must know that Marguerite Servan has not her equal. If I lose her, now that I have waited for her seven years, on my honor I think I shall blow out my brains. Fortunately Pierre Puvieux's aunt did not buy him off; she died—in fact, leaving behind her nothing but debts. He hadn't a son more than I had, so we were both obliged to shoulder the musket and await our order to march.

"One evening Daddy Servan took us both under the arm and led us to a cabaret, and then said, while we emptied a bottle of Moselle:—

"My lads, you are a pair of worthy Ardennais, equal in merit, and I love you with all my heart. One of you shall be my son-in-law—that's a bargain. For that Marguerite will wait seven years. She has no preference either for you, Puvieux, or for you, Chevauchaux; but she loves both of you, and will make happy whichever of you fate shall select for her. This, then, is the condition on which one of you is to marry my daughter. You will go away on the same day, and it is probable that you will come back on the same day. Well, whichever of you is first to shake hands with Daddy Servan, and say to him, 'Hail, here I am, I've served my time.' I swear he shall be the husband of Marguerite."

"I was astonished; I could not believe my ears. I looked at Pierre Puvieux, who looked at me, and though we were both greatly distressed in mind we were both strongly inclined to laugh.

"But Daddy Servan was not joking. He had thought of this way of getting over the difficulty, and he held to it. Seeing that it was so I held out my hand to him and swore to act with all fairness, neither to resort to trickery nor violence, and to allow Pierre Puvieux to marry Marguerite if he returned to Mezieres before me. He rose and took the same oath, and we shook hands, while Daddy Servan said:—

"The rest is now your affair; you have each of you, got to manage so that no Kabyle bullet overtakes you, and to come back safe and sound."

"He refilled the glasses and we took a farewell draught.

"Before starting, I wished to see Marguerite. When I came beneath her windows—it was in the dusk—I saw somebody approaching and stopped. It was Pierre Puvieux. He appeared vexed at finding me there, I was anything but delighted at meeting him. We stood for a moment facing each other like a pair of idiots looking down at the toes of our shoes; then, by my faith, a sudden thrill of courage moved me, and I said to Puvieux:—

"Let us go in together."

"So be it," he said.

"We took leave of Marguerite. She listened to us without uttering a word but there were tears at the end of her long, blond eyelashes. Suddenly Pierre, who was speaking, came to a stop and fell into a fit of sobbing, and it was the same with me. So there we were, all three, crying without saying anything, only shaking hands.

"When the diligence which took us from Mezieres began to rattle over the pavement next day, I felt inclined to throw myself from the roof and get crushed under the wheels, the more because there was sitting beside me a Lorrain who singing in a dreary voice one of the songs of his country, which seemed to say to me, 'It's all over with you, my poor Jean; you will never see her again.'"

"Truly there are odd accidents in life, Jean Chevauchaux went on. 'Quitting our native place at the same hour, we were, Pierre and I, put into the same regiment. At first I was annoyed at that. I would rather have had him at a distance; for, as you may easily imagine, I could not feel very friendly toward him. But I reflected; having him near me I should at least be able to talk to him of Marguerite, and that would be a consolation. Then I said to myself:—'Seven years! After all, that will not kill me!'"

"In the regiment I became fast friends with Pierre Puvieux—a good fellow, a bar of gold! Chamber comrades, we often talked of the country, of Daddy Servan and of Marguerite—as a way of killing time, for we understood. We frequently wrote to Mezieres, each confiding to the other

what he had said in his letter. It was a struggle, of course, but it was carried on loyally. When Marguerite or Daddy Servan answered, the answer was addressed to both of us, wishing us equally good luck, giving to each of us an equal dose of hope. So you may be sure we went on hoping.

"Well, one day my colonel named me corporal. I was proud and sorry at the same time, for, you see, I was no longer the equal of Pierre Puvieux; the stripes on my arm gave me the right to command him, and in the eyes of Ardennais at home that was an advantage. But, you see, I am not ill natured—I gave myself no airs of pride; on the contrary, my grade was a source of distress to me. I could no longer talk with Puvieux—my stripes were in the way. So I reflected that there was only one method by which I could free myself from the embarrassment. I purposely missed the call one day, and for that had my grade taken from me. But fancy my ill luck! I gave up my stripes only to turn them over to Puvieux! It was enough to make one gnaw off one's finger ends! But it was Pierre's chance for showing devotion, and he made no bones about it. At the end of a week he got himself broken in turn. After that there was no danger of any alteration being made in either of our tunics; we were condemned to remain common soldiers.

"So much the better," said Puvieux.

"And I said, 'How lucky!'"

"The seven years came to an end. I don't need to tell you my story day by day—our discharge and return route papers, all properly signed, were handed to us.

"Well," I said to Puvieux, "at last our time is up: we must set off home."

"Yes," he replied; "they are waiting our return there."

"You know," I said, "that the game will not be finally won before we both get back to Mezieres, and the one of us who loses declares that the struggle has been fairly carried through."

"All right!" cried Puvieux.

"We embraced, and one morning—the other day—with good shoes on our feet and a stout stick in hand we set off for Mezieres.

"Did I tell you we were in garrison at Angers? I promise you there's a pretty stretch of road from there! My faith! Since I started it seems to me that I have made the tour of the world!"

"We set off in company, talking little, thinking much and walking more. It was terribly hot, frightfully dusty, the air as heavy as lead. Half way through one of our spells I threw myself down by the roadside, unable to go any farther, my legs stiffened and worn out by fatigue.

"Are you going to rest there?" asked Puvieux.

"Yes," I replied.

"Goodby, then," he said, going on.

"Goodby till we meet again," I called after him.

"I watched him out of sight, walking with a firm step, as if he had only just commenced the journey. When he passed round a bend in the road and I could no longer see him—left alone and, as it were, abandoned—a feeling of overwhelming despair came upon me; I made an effort. I rose and continued the march—the rest, short as it was, did me good and put fresh courage into me. I pressed on, on, on, and made such progress that after a while I came up with Puvieux and passed him.

"But by the close of the day, though I had got well in front of my antagonist, I was done up. I went into an inn and lay down, intending to sleep a little—ah, a little! I slept through the whole night! I woke only at daybreak, and then I was furious. I called out:—

"Have any of you seen a soldier on foot go by?"

"A soldier? Yes, monsieur—very late last night. He asked for a glass of water."

"Ah, in turn he had passed me!"

"I hurriedly set off. At three o'clock in the afternoon I had not come up with Puvieux—nor at six o'clock. In the evening I took a rest while eating. The meal finished, on, on, I went again. This time Puvieux should not be much ahead of me! I walked on late into the night, but there is a limit to a man's strength; once more I was obliged to halt.

"I knocked at the door of a roadside public house and was admitted.

Puvieux was there, seated in an armchair, pale as death. He started with irritation on seeing me—not unnaturally. We did not say much to each other; what, indeed, had we to talk about? Then, too, we were so horribly tired.

"It was who should rise earliest next morning, and it was I—and that morning was this morning. All day I have been walking, resting from time to time but very little; for, you know, we are near the end. Rethel is the last tramp on the route from Angers to Mezieres. I know my map of France now.

"The last tramp—my God, if I should arrive too late!"

"Jean Chevauchaux ceased speaking.

"And Pierre Puvieux," asked my father; "has he overtaken you?"

"No," cried Chevauchaux, "and if I could go on now I should be saved."

"Go on the road—in the state you are in! Impossible!"

"I see it is. With my feet swollen—torn—yet to-morrow!"

"To-morrow you will be rested and able to walk."

"Do you think so?" asked the soldier, his eyes flashing.

"I promise you."

"Ah?" cried Jean, "you are a kind man?"

"Tut, tut," said my father.

"He advised the soldier to go to bed at once, and the poor fellow desired nothing better. The bed was ready. Chevauchaux shook us all by the hand and ascended to the room which had been made ready for him.

"It was ten o'clock."

"Next day, before dawn, my father, already up, looked out of the window to see what sort of weather it was. While he was looking up at the sky he heard, down in the street below, the sound of heavy footsteps, and in the uncertain light dimly made out the form of a soldier painfully making his way toward Mezieres.

"Already en route?" asked my father.

"The soldier halted.

"Well," continued my father, "are you off?"

"The soldier raised his head and tried to make out who it was who was speaking to him.

"Are you Jean Chevauchaux?" asked my father.

"No," answered the soldier; "I am Pierre Puvieux."

"And, as if the name of Jean Chevauchaux acted upon him like a spur, he went on his way with increased speed and quickly passed out of my father's sight.

"Halloa! said my father. 'Poor Chevauchaux will have to bestir himself if he wants to outstrip that sturdy young fellow! and he went at once to the room in which Jean had been resting. The young soldier was already up. He was examining his feet by the light of a candle.

"Victory!" he cried, on seeing my father. "I am fresh and vigorous. I am out of pain. En route!"

"And quickly I replied my father. Puvieux has passed through Rethel."

"Pierre Puvieux?"

"Yes; I have just spoken with him. He passed under my windows and is pushing forward like a madman."

"My God!" cried Chevauchaux, like one stunned. Once more repeating this exclamation, he buckled his knapsack and threw it upon his shoulders, crying:—'Well, instead of discouraging me, what you tell me puts new spirit into my bosom!'"

"In the room below, my mother—she, too, had already risen—was filling a wallet with provisions which she had prepared for Chevauchaux, but he declined. He was not hungry; all he would accept was a flask of brandy. Then he put on a pair of boots which my father wore when he took long walks, and more confident than ever, he departed, blessing my mother, and resting on the arm of my father while he made the first few steps.

"Day had come. My father went a little way with Chevauchaux. The young soldier bore himself stiffly up, in spite of his battered feet, which must have pained him terribly. He said little, and appeared to be wrapped in thought.

"For half an hour my father and he went on in this way. At length my father said:—

"Well, all friends must part. Good luck to you, and God be with you!"

"Monsieur Decary," then said Jean Chevauchaux, "will you allow me to embrace you?"

"The next moment they were in each other's arms."

"Chevauchaux wept, and my father's eyes were not unmoistened. It was my father who first got the mastery over himself.

"Bah!" he said, "we are losing time. En route! en route!"

"He parted with Jean, who pressed forward on the road to Mezieres.

"For three or four years we had no news of Jean Chevauchaux; but we often spoke of that evening when the young soldier had entered, bleeding and exhausted, into my father's house. What had become of him? How had ended that love romance so strangely begun?"

"One day my father had to go to Mezieres on business, and he took me with him.

"At Mezieres he entered the first barber's he came to to get shaved. At the door of the shop was seated an infant, enjoyed the sunshine, but at the same time blocking the way with his plump, outspread legs.

"Won't you let me pass?" asked my father pleasantly.

"No, I won't let you pass," cried the child.

"At that moment a man in his shirt sleeves appeared in the shop—the father—and taking the young gentleman up in his arms, removed him out of the way, saying, as he did so:—

"What are you about, Pierre? Do you want to drive away the customers?"

"I recognized the voice. So did my father.

"We looked at the barber, and he looked at us; and suddenly he, my father, and I, uttered a simultaneous exclamation. The barber was Jean Chevauchaux. He instantly held out his hand. He was flushed and his face beaming.

"Is it indeed you? Ah, when I think that I have never written to you—grate that I am! Have you never heard? It was I won the bride!"

"And rushing to the back of the shop, he called:—

"Marguerite! Marguerite! come quickly!"

"He appeared to be out of his wits with joy.

"A young woman appeared, pretty, fair complexioned, with blue eyes; her air gentle, pensive, a little sad even.

"You see this—this gentleman?" he cried. "Well, it was he who saved me at Rethel, the night before I arrived at your father's—of whom I have spoken so often—Monsieur Decary!"

"Ah!" cried Marguerite, with a sweet smile.

"And turning upon us her large, calm eyes, she bowed and thanked us gently. Then, as her husband continued to call up the past, she looked at him beseechingly, even a little reproachfully.

"But Jean did not see this.

"Ah!" he cried, "and it is to you, monsieur, I owe my happiness! My son—my little Pierre—look at him. It was by my wife's wish that he was named Pierre—isn't he a fine fellow? My shop, which is going on as well as possible, my wife, whom I worship, and my little Pierre, I owe all to you."—The Strand Magazine.

GALLAUDET HOME.

Mrs. Eastman, one of the wealthiest ladies in Poughkeepsie, drove down here recently. She is acquainted with Miss Effie Thayer, who has been teaching "Willie" Elizabeth Robin, a blind, deaf and dumb girl, at the kindergarten belonging to the Perkins Institute in Boston, Mass.

Those of the inmates who are more venturesome than the others, have been nutting and apple-gathering this Fall, and enjoyed plenty of fun.

Mrs. E. M. Howard, a sister of Mrs. Starr, dropped in to see her, Thursday afternoon, two weeks ago. Something in the aspect of the atmosphere indicated snow on the last Sunday of October, and a few flakes fell the next day. It was pleasing to watch the white, feathery flakes, as they descended in quick succession.

Supervisor Gardner is the lucky recipient of a handsome silver napkin-ring, a present from one of his friends.

Mrs. Totten and Mrs. Kipp were on the sick list a month ago, but they are pretty well now.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gallup, whose marriage was chronicled in the JOURNAL a short time ago, were here on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 1st inst. They are a fine looking young couple, and well matched. Mr. Gallup is in partnership with a gentle-

man in Poughkeepsie, where they have a photograph gallery and are doing an extensive business.

There is no telling when the new structure can be ready for occupancy. However, most of the interior has been painted, the doors and window-blinds are on their hinges. Mr. Gardner's office, the reading room and sick room, are provided with a marble mantel and a brass fire-place-cover. In the second story there is a corridor which extends from east to west, the bath and wash rooms being on the south side. The building has two piazzas, each having a glass door. A description of the whole may be given in these columns some time by a more gifted pen than mine.

Mrs. Fannie Moore, who has had temporary charge of the Home, left for Douglaston, N. Y., on the 2d inst., but she will probably make our matron another visit before the grass grows green again.

The only old man is Mr. Edward Hatch, as he has passed the sixtieth mile-stone on his journey through life. He hale is and hearty and industrious, too.

It is said that the step-mother of a deaf-mute, who has been placed on Blackwell's Island, committed suicide by cutting her throat with a razor not many months ago.

Happening to be in Colleton, N. Y., lately, Mrs. Nicholson received a call from Mrs. Shattuck, an ex-Fair-woodite. Mrs. Shattuck's name, before her marriage, was Isabel F. Nicholson, and she has a deaf-mute daughter, Sue, inquired for Mrs. Totten by Mrs. Fischel, the latter having been her schoolmate while Mrs. Totten filled the position of assistant matron. Mrs. Nicholson told me that Mrs. Shattuck has a beautiful daughter, three years old, whom, she thinks, is the sweetest and best little darling in the world—bright and cunning.

A couple of weeks ago, a fair was gotten up in aid of the Old Ladies' Home in Poughkeepsie. A gentleman bought some cake at the fair, and sent it here for us. The charity cake was pronounced splendid.

Visitors have become scarce, which accounts for the approach of winter, when the country roads will be blocked up by snow-drifts rendering travel quite impossible.

Week before last, Mrs. Totten got a letter from Newark, N. J., announcing the sudden death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rose, who had attained the ripe age of ninety-five years. The interment was in Rose Hill Cemetery.

Mr. William H. Sprague, the blind marvel of the Home, made a number of articles lately, among which were a small bureau boxes of different sizes and two pretty foot-stools.

Miss Emma MacBride came to the Home, Friday, the 3d inst., and stayed till Sunday, when she went back to New Paltz, N. Y.

Half a dozen stationary tubs for the new laundry have been sent here, and will be put in their appropriate places. The laundry is a large frame building, nice and convenient.

I was educated under the sign-language, at the New York Institution, before the combined system was introduced into the school, but I learned to read, write and cipher prior to being admitted, having become deaf at an early age. Will "Free Lance" please take note of this.

Sunday afternoon last week, our Newfoundland dog was run over and killed by an express train on the Hudson River Railroad, at Clinton Point. The body was severed in two places, and poor Nero died in great agony. He was presented to the Home by Col. Blanchard, of Washington, D. C., and had been with us a year, this month. Nero was a noble, thoroughbred, dog, faithful to his trust and affectionate. His coal-black, shaggy form, will appear in our midst no more. It is hard to lose such a good friend, and all here will miss him very much.

LOUISE.

Rev. Mr. Dautzer's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.
17—7.30 P.M., Watkins.
19—7.30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.
20—Cortland.
24—Zion's, Rome. Confirmation by the Bishop.
26—9 A.M., St. John's, Auburn. Confirmation by the Bishop.
26—3.30 P.M., St. John's, Auburn. Evening Prayer.

Address:—Rev. C. Orvis Dautzer, 70 Harrison St., Syracuse, N. Y.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 16, 1903.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published every Thursday, at 146th Street and Avenue C, New York City) is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS

One copy, one year, \$1.00.
If not paid within six months, 1.50.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessary for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-brooding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base
Whose lives of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

If it is desired to have the proceedings of the World's Congress of the Deaf published before the "call" for the next National Convention is sent out, a little more speed and decision will be required. From our point of view, it is entirely unnecessary to "placate" every kaiser that comes along. The chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Association ought to know whether or not the vote on the question of publishing the Congress proceedings was made in its proper order. One thing is certain, the vote settled the question, and although the JOURNAL offers space in its columns to give both sides a hearing, its editor—who has attended and been a member of every National Convention of the Deaf, from the first at Cincinnati to the latest in Chicago—has neither sympathy nor patience with filibustering obstructionists.

The placing of manual alphabets in conspicuous public buildings, is of itself very commendable. It will help the deaf immeasurably if the number of hearing persons able to talk on the fingers are multiplied, and the scheme suggested will be likely to have that effect. The deaf, as individuals, can do a great deal in the same direction. If they will all occasionally teach a friend, and endeavor to have that friend use the alphabet in future intercommunication, the knowledge of the finger alphabet will soon become widely known. Nothing interests hearing persons more than to see some one who is not deaf talking to a deaf person by means of the finger-alphabet. It excites in them a desire to be similarly accomplished.

As a finger-alphabet missionary, our photographic friend, Alex. L. Pach, is a great success in the Lehigh Valley region. Two or three years ago, he had manufactured a large quantity of foot-ropes of yellow wool with the letters of the manual alphabet on the reverse side. These he presented to a church fair in the city of Easton, Pa. They were widely distributed, and the result of the happy combination of uniqueness and utility is that Easton is full of finger-alphabet experts, and the ubiquitous Alex. L. is constantly on speaking terms with half the population.

We notice with pleasure that Mr. E. Souweine has just hit on the same scheme for not only disseminating the finger-alphabet, but at the same time advertising his engraving establishment.

If such sporadic work were to become epidemic, it would not be necessary for the National Association to placard the country with alphabetical cards.

THE 99th anniversary of Harvey Prindle Peet, who for thirty-five years was principal of the New York Institution—from 1837 to 1872—and until his death, on the first day of the year 1873, was Principal Emeritus, will occur on Sunday, November 19th. It has been the custom to do honor to his memory at the New York Institution on each recurring anniversary, and Principal Currier informs us that on Sunday special memorial services will be held in the Institution Chapel at three o'clock in the afternoon. Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, Emeritus Principal, will preach the sermon. Graduates and their friends are invited to attend.

As next year is the centennial anniversary of Harvey P. Peet's birthday, it is expected that some announcement in reference to the Peet Memorial will be made.

WHISPERINGS UNDER THE ROSE.

Mr. Henry C. Wiley's address is No. 5 Waverly Street, Brighton, Mass.

Mr. Raison, the English stone cutter, employed on the Public Library building, has had his attention called more than once by his fellow workmen to the crowd of pupils from the Horace Mann School passing by every day, whose loud voices and uncouth gesticulations attracted the notice of people on the street, who either stopped to gaze on them or turned round to watch their "monkey show."

Mr. Raison said the workmen clapped their hands to their ears to tell him that the poor pupils yelled like Comanches on the war-path. Mr. Raison once understood one boy to say to another in natural pantomime: "I saw Miss Big-Nose whipping another boy on his nether garments."

The man who says that the pupils of oral schools do not use signs, does not know what he is talking about.

The tale that carried off the prize in the story-telling match in the Gallaudet Society the other week was a weird one about snakes, that fairly made the audience shudder and haunt their dreams for several nights. It was whispered that some of the men saw snakes in their cups afterwards, but now comes Mrs. Alvah W. Orcutt who, being duly sworn, deposes that, a short time after the story-telling, she found a little snake in her cellar at Everett and went bravely at it, killed it and cremated it in the kitchen stove. She must be a brave daughter of Eve, and if grandmother Eve had killed her snake as Mrs. Orcutt did, it would have been all the better for mankind.

A gay party was held at Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham's house in Cambridgeport, on the same evening of the political howl, and was largely attended. The occasion was Mrs. Cunningham's birthday, and a surprise party was gotten up for her benefit. When about forty friends had assembled in the parlor, Mr. Reagan sent word to her that her father and mother wanted to see her. She came down stairs in her house dress, nearly dropped the lamp from her hand in astonishment, and was presented with a solid silver tea-set and spoon to match. Mr. J. M. Reagan made a presentation speech in a happy manner. Mrs. Cunningham was so much surprised that she was at a loss for words to express her thanks, but her eloquence of her feelings amply repaid her friends. Mr. John A. Jonlin and Miss Josie Daune were the leaders in this surprise party. They presented her with a handsome mantel clock. After partaking of a plentiful collation, the party enjoyed themselves socially up to a late hour. The following is a list of the happy participants; Messrs. Chas. Jarkins, Michael Griffin, John Brennan, J. P. Donohue, P. E. Donohue, Jas. McAtee, John Murphy, E. J. Eddy, Underwood, John Coughlin, John H. Conlin, Deacon Goldsmith and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Jr. and Mrs. Packard, Misses Lizzie Iloggan, Maggie Laky, the Misses Daune, Mrs. J. Farley, and others of ancient lineage.

I am indebted to the good Deacon Goldsmith for the above particulars in his own hand-writing. He solemnly exhorts me to tell the sober truth, and make up no jokes on the party. Washington Acheson is winning fame as a football player. The Rosindale Club, of which he is a member, has come off victoriously in nearly all its games with other clubs. The other day the club blanked the Boston College eleven, 10 to 0. Mr. Acheson's position on the eleven is that of right tackle.

On Election night, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet lectured to a large audience at St. Andrew's Hall, in his usually felicitous vein, on the memory of his father, the World's Fair and Politics. His remarks about his father were called for by the fact, as announced by President Frisbee, that the Gallaudet Society proposed to keep the memory of the first Gallaudet green on the occasion of his birthday anniversary, by a dinner on December 9th, at some hotel, where those who can afford to pay and some who can not will be given in the hall later in the evening. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Dr. Edward M. will be present. There are other exercises on the programme, and the whole occasion will be observed in a fitting manner. President Gallaudet will hold services on the following Sunday. The affair does the Gallaudet Society much credit.

The story-telling match in the Gallaudet Society is much talked about. It is a novel entertainment. Mrs. Wise told an interesting story of extravagance in a wife which nearly led to suicide. Miss McClelland, a graduate of the Halifax School, told a pretty story of "A Basket of Flowers." Mr. Frisbee told a blood-curdling story of a traveler almost choked to death in his bed by a slow-descending ceiling, and confidently expected to capture the prize, but the snake-story captured it. At Robert Doeharty's suggestion, President Frisbee announced that hereafter each story-telling match would be devoted to tragic, sad, or laughable stories, separately, and the time limited. It is said that the committee on the coming New Year's levee will have a story-telling match with prizes, open to all comers, on its programme.

Mr. Moodie, one of the committee on the fast approaching Thanksgiving Eve Party, announces that he will lay away a little weather prophet or lay-priest, to each guest, and that with each ticket purchased, a chance

in the drawing of a large fruit cake will be given. These are his own private gifts. Mr. Moodie is always generous.

Mr. Ingraham, of Springfield, who has been out of work for five months, has just got back to his old job at the U. S. Army. Mr. Crossman, who also worked there, is still enjoying his travels somewhere after the World's Fair.

Mr. Holton C. Cutter, of Warren, Mass., has just waked up to the fact that he needs the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL to keep up with the times, and will subscribe to it. He has been doing well all these years.

Rev. Mr. Searing is assistant to Rev. Mr. Prescott at the Church of the Good Shepherd, and services at St. Andrew's Hall will be hereafter held at 11 A.M. The date of lectures at the Gallaudet Society has been changed from Tuesdays to Fridays, to accommodate the church people. Take notice accordingly.

Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow and Mr. Frisbee, are the Committee on Revision of the Mutual Benefit and Charitable Relief Society. Mrs. Radolph, F. W. Bigelow and Frank H. Clark, are the Committee on the Division of the Funds. Geo. A. Holmes is a committee of one to secure a permanent meeting-place.

The Provident Aid Association welcomes the co-operation of the Charitable Relief Society in all good works. About \$50 has been lately expended by the C. R. S. in coal and food for several families whose breadwinners have been out of work and unable to get any. It was a good deed, and redounds to the credit of the Society.

Mr. Samuel Hamilton's wife and daughter, Lottie, are reported to be regular attendants at the meetings of the Salvation Army. Lottie is said to have been invited by Major Brewer to the platform to be prayed for by the Army, and stood up for that purpose. Miss Hamilton has been seen to take an active part in the meetings. Both young ladies are not leaf-mutes.

Mrs. Samuel Hamilton is stopping with Mrs. Allard, in Boston.

Miss McClelland says that Prof. Fearon, of Halifax, is a native of Ireland. Mr. Doeharty says that Mr. Fearon has one of his old pupils from Glasgow in this country, Mr. Lyon, of Quincy, who states that Supt. Fearon taught his class by sign, and he was surprised to hear that his old teacher had changed his system. If Mr. Lyon is a fair sample of Prof. Fearon's pedagogic skill with signs, he must have done much better in Scotland than he is now doing in Nova Scotia. He ought to go back to his old love, the sign-language.

The Deaf-Mutes' Advocate has made its weekly appearance in Boston and is well liked. Harry Babbitt is its Boston correspondent, having left the Register. In "Ted" its New York reporter, the Advocate has an able writer, who knows how to discuss affairs of interest, besides furnishing the news, in good, plain English. "Ted" is welcome to the ranks of the best correspondents.

Mr. Henry A. Acheson, a Democrat, did not seem to earn a little money from working for the Republicans. He made \$5 by distributing pictures of the R-republican candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor.

The Bay State League is on the winning side of politics this year. President Stuyver, son of an ex-United States Senator and ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under President Grant, and a grandson of the late Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin, rejoices exceedingly thereat. The school reunion of the Horace Mann School Association was a tame affair, on account of the inexperience of the Committee. The pretty vice-president, Miss Leatherbee, presided and delivered her address orally, owing to "that tired feeling" of President H. C. White. Reports were delivered in signs (shades of Horace Mann!) by Treasurer Babbitt and Secretary Orcutt.

Mr. Daniel Nichols wishes it to be stated authoritatively that there will be no "Lynn Levee" held this year, on account of the hard times. Dun has a level head on his shoulders. In speaking of education, Mr. Nichols asked me: "Why do you go to the backwoods, like Gloucester, when you could find plenty of cases right here in Boston?" He is a graduate of Northampton, and is sure that all the deaf could be taught to speak more or less, yet he favors the use of signs for the benefit of slow, dull pupils, who outnumber the rest, and that the sign-language quickens their intellect.

A FEW THOUGHTS BY THE WAYSIDE.
The report of the Committee on the classification of methods covers 124 pages of the Annuals. Well—

"When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long."

Mrs. Sylvia Chapin Bulis' dispassionate judgment that Helen Keller's remarkable education was the result of exceptionally favorable circumstances is supported by one of Helen's friends, who had ample opportunity of observing her.

A charming hour was spent a few days ago by a Globe woman with Miss Maria C. Monilton, for 49 years in the Perkins Institution for Blind, South Boston. She is 78 years of age, and entered upon her duties in 1853, not many years after the establishment of a school by Mrs. Moore and F. Wheeler.

"I consider Miss Monilton one of the noblest women of the present century," Mr. Anagnos has said, and direct of Hove before him often spoke of her as "Sally Monilton." To many of her friends she is still known by that name.

During the conversation she spoke of Laura Bridgman.

mental development and original methods of expression.
"Helen Keller is the most remarkable child I have ever seen, but Helen has had advantages that Laura had not. Laura was the first to come to us with a soul so very much shut in, and our work with her was all experimental and untried. In Helen's case this has not been so; we knew how to get results very rapidly."
"Laura had a remarkable keenness in discovering the peculiarities of her friends. One day she was sitting between Mr. Howe and Mr. Mallard. She made some wry remark which amused both, and then put her hand on Mrs. Mallard's cheek and exclaimed, 'O, what a beautiful smile you have! Odd as it may seem, Mrs. Mallard was noted for the exquisite beauty of her smile.'"

"Why, Laura?" said Mrs. Howe to her, "haven't I also a beautiful smile?" She put her hand to the face of Mrs. Howe, who, in a spirit of mischief made a grimace, at which Laura laughed, quite realizing that Mrs. Howe had made a grimace for fun, and hadn't smiled at all."

In speaking of Miss Bridgman, Miss Norton displayed the same kind of tender pride that a mother displays when speaking of a well-beloved child.
"Oliver Caswell was in many ways a remarkable boy. Without possessing a wonderful mental brilliancy, he had a great deal of good common sense. He and Laura were boys and girls together, and were very good friends. He, like her, was deaf, dumb and blind. She was very helpful to him. I remember how astonished we were one afternoon when she taught him in a few hours the connection between a word and an idea. It had taken us three months to teach her the same thing."

The "Kola" is mistaken as to my position on the matter of publication of the congress proceedings. In the first place, it was not obligatory for me to accept the appointment. In the second, it is mandatory upon me to turn over the Secretary's report to the publication committee upon the order of the Executive Committee, and thus for shall I go, but no further. Nothing inconsistent in this. FREE LANCE.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

MR. EDITOR:—So the cat is out of the bag at last! I have long been wondering what those members of the National Association who opposed the printing of the proceedings of the late Congress by the Association, wanted to do with the money lying idle in the treasury. Now comes Mr. Hanson, who objects to "spending the money of the Association unseeably," when it can be used to greater advantage for other purposes." Well, what are these "other purposes?"

It almost took my breath away to read farther along that these "other purposes" are to print ALPHABETICAL CARDS and paste them up all over the country, and that Mr. Hanson gravely "moves" that one hundred dollars be appropriated from the Association's meagre funds to that end, an fifty dollars be appropriated toward publishing the proceedings of the Congress.

It is difficult to entertain such a proposition seriously. Mr. Hanson, seconded by Mr. Snear, must entertain the idea that the United States is a very small country, about the size of a single county in Minnesota, if he seriously thinks that one hundred dollars will placid it with alphabetical cards. The idea is so extremely absurd, that I am compelled to come to the conclusion that he has made the motion solely to distract attention from the main question now before us, and cause confusion in the minds of the committee, to the end that the printing of the proceedings of the Congress may fall through and the funds of the Association be saved for "other purposes." As a member of the Association from its very inception, I protest against the springing of such frivolous motions at this time to distract attention and defeat the evident will of the Association in regard to printing the proceedings. Such pranks are beneath the dignity of such men as Messrs. Hanson and Snear. They know enough to know that the Association's funds cannot legally be thrown away in such an absurdly wasteful and useless manner.

The quibble that the vote lately taken was upon a "suggestion," and not upon a "motion," will not hold water. The object of requiring a proposition to be put in the form of a "motion," is to get it into such a shape that those who are to vote upon it will be able to do so intelligently. Now, Chairman Veditz's "suggestion," or whatever you call it, was put in such a shape that the members of the committee understood exactly what they were voting upon, and voted accordingly.

That vote will stand.
That being the case, all these "motions" for printing cards, selecting an official organ, etc., etc., are out of order, and no attention should be paid to them. As to the motion naming the amount to be appropriated, that also is out of order. That is for the committee appointed by the chairman to take charge of the printing to decide upon, after looking over the ground, receiving bids, making estimates, etc., and report to the committee. The printing committee, being appointed by the Executive Committee, is responsible to it, and it in turn is responsible to the Association at large when it shall meet again.

I therefore hope that the members of the Executive Committee will not be led astray by these conflicting motions, and will refrain from voting upon them. This will clear the board and leave the printing committee free to proceed at once with the printing of the proceedings as the Executive Committee has already decided.

Chairman Veditz's position is unassailable. He is firmly entrenched behind precedents and common sense. Let the members of the Executive Committee "keep mum and saw wood," and all these motions will fail and there will be clear sailing. That is the simplest and easiest way to get out of the inextricable confusion caused by these foolish and conflicting "motions."

R. P. McGEEON.

PHILADELPHIA.

A SURPRISE PARTY—NEWS NOTES.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

On the 11th inst., after Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Lipsett and little son had taken supper with Mr. and Mrs. William F. Durian and family at the latter's house, they were requested to go out and get something for Mr. Durian, near their home at about eight o'clock, and they accepted the request with willingness.

In the meantime Mr. William F. Durian took his innocent guests down Morris Street by a trolley car, to the 13th Street, and they all got out, and got into the other car, which took them to Christian Street, at which they all got out. Instead of going directly to the desired nearby-store, the guests were advised to leave their sleeping child at their house before going to the store. When they reached the house of Mr. and Mrs. Lipsett, all except Mr. Duane were taken by their friends, waiting in the parlor, who had come to surprise them in honor of the fifth anniversary of their wedding.

Mrs. Lipsett, in a tremor, shook hands with all the gentlemen and kissed the ladies. Mr. Lipsett was surprised, and didn't dare to speak. He looked perplexed, but shook hands with all.

Mr. W. Houston brought a folding ironing-board with a stand to Mr. and Mrs. Lipsett into the parlor, and said that was a gift from their brother Joseph, and upon which Mr. Houston opened each bundle of wooden presents, and announced the name of the giver of each gift, which Mr. and Mrs. Lipsett accepted with pleasure, and couldn't express how much they appreciated their kindness.

After these articles were taken up stairs, Mr. W. Houston and Mr. Durian managed a forfeit game for about a three-fourth of an hour, which amused the surprisers. Then a quiz game under the direction of the "surprised man," was played. All were treated to a nice collation; and the last game, entitled "a revolving plate," ended the festivities. Those who came and besieged and took Mr. and Mrs. Lipsett by surprise, are: Mrs. M. J. Syle, President of the Pastoral Aid Society of All Souls' Church, and also the Parish visitor, Mr. Martin C. Fortescue, President of All Souls' Working People's Club, and Lay Reader of All Souls' Church, and his wife, Mr. Wm. McKinney, Warden of All Souls' Church, Vice-President of All Souls' Club, Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston and daughter, of Frankford, and Misses Emma Shafer and Hannah Wright, and Mr. Dewees, all of Frankford, Mr. Wm. F. Durian, Secretary of Apollo Working Men's Club, of which Mr. Lipsett is president and treasurer, Mr. T. D. Delp, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cunningham, Miss Cora Ford, Messrs. Ash, Yoder, Gunkel, Pennell, Fred. Buch, Messrs. John Tarry and R. Ormrod, members of Mutual Social Club, coming directly from Upland, Delaware County, Pa., Mr. John W. Lipsett and his son William James Lipsett, Mr. and Mrs. William Lipsett, Miss Laura V. Pratt, of Nroistown, Pa., and Miss Emily Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lipsett received a folding ironing board, a spice cabinet, two knife and fork boxes, a salt box, a shaving dish, the groceries "indicator," a box of tooth picks, a hat rack, a pretty frame with a picture, a bread plate, a Japanese newspaper rack, three bread baking basins of different sizes, two baking boards, two baking rollers, a cake dish, a brush, a varnisher, a duster, a coal screen, and many other articles which I cannot remember, as I was too much perplexed to remember all.

Mr. and Mrs. Lipsett appreciated the kindness and friendship of all those who pleasantly besieged them. The party was perfectly successful and enjoyable.

The house formerly occupied by the late Lawyer Ford, in Olney, Pa., was bought lately by Mrs. Mary H. Rocap, living in this city. Her son, Dr. William Rocap, is now occupying that house and Mrs. Rocap receives the handsome income from the house. She is rather enterprising in her financial plans.

Messrs. James Purvis, Sweeney, Wm. Johnston and John Patterson, all deaf-mutes, are working in the Atlantic Oil Refining Works, at Point Breeze, while Miss Laura V. Pratt, sister of Mrs. W. H. Lipsett, is engaged as a typewriter and stenographer for the same company, at its office on Arch and Front Streets.

Mr. Robert M. Zeigler, supervisor of Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, at Mount Airy, entertained the members of All Souls' Club by giving a very interesting lecture of his visit to the Convent of the La Rabida, a cornerstone of the American Discovery in the World's Fair in Chicago, which pleased the audience a good deal, last Thursday evening. He was tendered a vote of thanks.

As President Cleveland and Governor Patterson have proclaimed that the 30th shall be Thanksgiving Day, our deaf friends living here or nearly town, and those who may stop in the city on that day, are respectfully requested to come and spend an enjoyable time at All Souls' Church, where the Pastoral Aid Society will give a pleasant entertainment in aid of the church's expense fund. Come one! Come all!

Mr. Charles H. Longenberger, of Williamsport, Pa., accompanied by Mr. John E. Pollock, of Frankford, Pa., called on your correspondent last Saturday forenoon. Mr. Longenberger brought his two deaf children, and one little deaf neighbor into the Mt. Airy School two weeks ago. He failed to find employment as a tailor, and went home in the afternoon.

Mrs. John H. Sands, who got work in a mill in Chester County, Pa., last week, returned here last Saturday noon, and yesterday afternoon she and her husband went over by water to Chester, where they expect to work for the coming winter season.

The birthday of Miss Grace Koehler, the oldest daughter of Rev. Mr. J. M. Koehler, was celebrated by holding a little social party at Mr. and Mrs. Koehler's house in Wayne Junction, last Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Syle's children and Mr. John Wismer were there to greet Grace. A very nice collation was served.

The new building of the home for training in speech of little deaf children, at Bala, near this city, was formally opened by Governor Pattison last Wednesday afternoon. There was a good attendance of those who were interested in the work, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. S. Edwin Megargee, who presided at the meeting, Governor Pattison, Lieutenant-Governor Wattres, Colonel Bennett and T. Williams made several eloquent addresses. After that a nice collation was served and the guests inspected the house. On the first floor are the sleeping rooms, reception rooms and kitchen; the second floor is devoted to kindergartens and sleeping rooms of the employees, and on the third floor there is a hospital and other dormitories. The school is in charge by Miss Mary Garrett, sister of the late Miss Emma C. Garrett. The house will accommodate thirty-five pupils, and is supported by the State.

Mrs. Evans, sister of Mrs. Wm. F. Durian, and son, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Durian for about a month, have gone home in Walden, N. Y.

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THE RECORDER.

PHILA., Nov. 13, '03.

INDIANA.

From our regular correspondent.

A birthday party was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, on English Avenue, on Monday night, November 6th. It was in honor of their daughter's (Jennie) birthday, November 4th, but as Saturday was a shopping-day, deaf-mutes who were invited could not be present. Refreshments were served, after which all kinds of games were indulged in. It was about ten o'clock when the party broke up, and went home well pleased with the evening's pleasure. Miss Mitchell is well known in society circles. She has black hair, and large, bright eyes, and is of dark complexion.

Miss Combs, of Crawfordsville, moved to Indianapolis two months ago. We never heard of her coming until last Sunday, when she made her appearance at Christ Church. Her mother keeps a grocery store on North West Street, near Blake.

Prof. Berg is learning articulation and lip-reading, by which means he is able to understand any one's talk. He can speak both English and German. He is an aspirant for a journalistic venture in a few years. We hope he will be editor-in-chief of some good deaf-mute paper.

Mr. Janik moved to Georgia Street, from South Meridian, recently. He keeps a shoe-shop. He is an excellent shoemaker. He was educated in Germany and came to America about twelve years ago. He is well-known among the wholesale dealers on South Meridian, and his custom is so large he has to enlarge his business.

Mrs. Elmer Siegfried (nee Risheng) is in Lee, Ind., visiting her parents. Her husband is slinging type in a big job office at Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. Albert Berg, Miss Edna Boynton, Mr. H. C. Anderson, and Prof. Archer, are on the sick list.

The following was taken from the South Bend (Ind.) Times of November 9th: "There is in his city a man and wife who for nearly twenty years have not spoken to each other, and they are not deaf and dumb. A family quarrel is the cause."

Also, another from the Cincinnati Enquirer of November 10th: "In the inquest on John Bolan, the Street Inspector who was killed by a Big Four train, Charles Wolf, the engineer, yesterday testified that he saw the deceased walking along the track toward the train, and whistled several times, but Bolan continued walking, and was struck by the pilot beam and thrown against a freight car. The deceased's wife says that he was deaf. The verdict was death from accidental multiple railroad injuries."

Harry C. Anderson, clerking at the court house, has been suffering with malarial fever for a long time and contemplates giving up his lucrative position. It is rumored that he thinks seriously of going West as far as the Golden Gate State. The climate there will agreeably benefit his poor health. He says manual labor is preferred to clerking.

Miss Bessie Warren, of Crawfordsville, Ind., will be the guest of Miss Nettie Combs during Thanksgiving week.

Miss Luella Kenyon, of Westfield, Ind., will spend the holidays with her sister on Yandes Street.

"Ira Keller, Contractor and Builder," is a sign posted front of his cabin shop at Ingalls. Ingalls is a booming town, having a population of 200, with a prospect of increasing its inhabitants as soon as

gas speculation is in demand. There are seven gas wells.

Benjamin Hiday, of Fortville, Ind., who was honorably discharged from the Indiana school two years ago, is a happy daddy. A girl baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. Hiday a few days since. His wife is a hearing woman.

Guilford Clark, of Acton, was a visitor here recently. He is a prosperous farmer. George Robinson, who used to live in St. Wayne, Ind., and who recently worked in the Indianapolis cabinet works, is working for Mr. Surber, on the latter's farm. He foresaw a shut-down of his factory, and accepted a job last July. He owns a \$100 bicycle, which he prizes highly.

James Cromley, of Bethel, came down town in a rig. He said he was going to join the local club of the Western League in the spring. He is a professional baseball player.

Rev. A. W. Mann stopped over at Indianapolis on Friday, November 10th, and went to the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Boynton, on New York Street, where the missionary administered baptism to Miss Edna Boynton, who has been sick with bronchitis for the past year. It is a pleasure to chronicle that Edna is on the road to recovery, as she improves gradually. Our lay-reader, Prof. N. F. Morrow, and Miss Kate Webb, were the witnesses of the holy baptism.

Richard Galbraith and Jacob Schmelzer are working for Theodore Michaels at the Tucker factory.

In place of the Rev. Mr. Hood, rector of the East Washington Presbyterian Church, last Sunday evening, Dr. DeMotte preached before a large audience of hearing people. For the past two weeks the church was not open for the deaf-mutes, because of the absence of Dr. DeMotte who had to take charge of the school. Hereafter the doctor will interpret for the mutes.

W. D. Edwards will probably spend the holidays with his sister, Mrs. Harden, of St. Louis, whom he has not seen for five years.

Prof. August Jutt had a Halloween party at his house, and it was a jolly affair. He invited his personal friends, and they reported having spent a big time with the veteran professor.

J. Wilkinson contemplates going West this winter and stay with his step-brother whom he had not seen for so long a time.

Mr. Michaels says he wants to go West. He says that the sale of his house and lot was the cause of his desire to become a farmer. He is an experienced cabinet-maker.

Charles Steinwenter says John Breen and other tramps bothered the mayor to death last week by asking him to issue passes to them, but he referred them to the township trustees.

WALTER.

November 13, '03.

SUNDY ITEMS.

Mr. Jerry L. Higgins, the machinist, of Erie, Pa., went to New York City last Monday.

Charles McManus, of Newark, after spending two weeks at Buffalo, visited the Falls of Niagara.

Mrs. John L. Connerton is having an enjoyable time, visiting her father, sisters and relatives,

NEW YORK.

Cut Rates to the World's Fair.

PROF. ELMENDORF'S ADMIRABLE TOUR.

The Union League Arranged the Trip — "Excelsior Circle," Gentlemen — The Home Society Needs Assistance — Minor Mention.

From our New York Correspondent.

A trip to the World's Fair was a treat sprung upon a hundred and fifty of their friends by the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Thursday following Election. Talk about cut rates. Ticket scalpers were "not in it" this time with the Union League members. They had contrived and succeeded in bringing the price of a round trip down to twenty-five cents.

Prof. Dwight Elmendorf was the gentleman whose efforts contributed very materially to the success of the trip. As a guide and a fun-maker during a two hours' visit of the World's Fair town, he proved himself an artist of ability and good taste.

Several minutes preceding the start, 8.30 P.M., Prof. Elmendorf took his party to the Grand Central Depot. Embarking on one of the New York Central "flyers," Max Levy, the club photographer, reproduced a good likeness of the occupants of the forward car. The gentleman in the background bore a strong resemblance to Prof. Elmendorf. Of the other passengers, mention will be found further on. Not knowing the sign-language, Mr. Frank W. Nubner's services were called into play as interpreter. His ability to hear Prof. Elmendorf's explanation "no stops would be made until the World's Fair Ground Terminal was reached," opened the eyes of many of the party.

On reaching Chicago, Prof. Elmendorf conducted the excursionists to a point where a full view of the Grand Terminal's interior was exposed.

He then conducted them around the big buildings that attracted the multitudes during the Fair sessions. The Peristyle was seen from half a dozen different points. The Electrical Building, Machinery Hall, Agricultural Building, likewise were viewed from east, west, north and south. The sight-seers were impressed with the magnificence of the Court of Honor, and confronting the Statue of Columbus their Americanism and loyalty was shown by the hand-clapping and noise they made. The splendor of the McManes Fountain impressed Prof. Elmendorf as something the party would like. One young gentleman was so taken away by the Architectural display, that he asked the young lady by his side if "those horses were real." She replied, "they were supposed to have been, one time." From the big buildings the tour led to the different State buildings. California's Home was shown, and expectations were rife. Tilden's statue would come out and show itself. Its failure to do so was not explained. Coming in sight of the Illinois Building, many of the party looked around for Chicago friends. Arthur Bierbach was the only one present who could tell what they had been doing, as he was the last to see them.

It was but proper when a glimpse of New York's Home came into sight, the tourists should go beyond themselves with joy. It was the right kind, with plenty of noise mixed up.

Midway Plaisance was done in royal style. The wild young members of the party felt like going off on their own hook. Prof. Elmendorf's admirable tact only saved them being lost in the jungle. He conducted the party to where the much-discussed Manteb Dancers were exhibiting. Later, he showed them the Ferris Wheel. From the top of it he gave them a view of the Fair grounds. He next went up and down the Grand Canal, embarked in a Venetian gondola, and went over to the Wooded Island. The party had views of the Dutch and Irish villages, the Japanese village, the South Sea Islanders, and other foreign towns planted in the World's Fair grounds. When it came to the Laplander settlement, a youngster of the community refused to show his face. Sam Frankenstein said it was because Photographer Pach had his focus levelled on him. If it had been Wilson, the Laplander boy would not have been so shy. Vienna's exhibit from an exterior view came in for considerable attention. When the thoughts of home came to the tourists, Prof. Elmendorf brought out the first American locomotive, "John Bull." It was a curiosity in itself. And then New York's great locomotive with the numerals "999" emblazoned on its boiler.

On the homeward trip, Charley Bothner spied through his double bayed glass a lady friend on the other side of a water hydrant. Raising his hat, he intended to greet her with "Good Morning!" Failing to see the hydrant, his greeting was changed into "good gracious!" and his friends smiled at the plight in which the artist pictured him. He stood on his head in the roadway.

The tourists woke up to the fact there was an end to everything, when the moon showed itself in the east, and a strip of white and black passed through the clouds, bearing the legion "good night." When the lights were turned up a minute later, they woke up again to the realization they were still at the starting point, in the comfortable quarters of the Union League Club, corner of Twenty-Seventh Street and Broadway. Prof. Elmendorf was voted a good fellow all round, though a formal expression of that sentiment was not in order. The Union League came out ahead some twenty-five dollars by the trip. Of the tourists, who enjoyed everything, may be mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ballin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roberts, Mr. Heyman and wife, Mr. Froehlich, Mr. Henry Kane and Miss Auldine, of Brooklyn, Mrs. Yankauer, Miss Nettie B. Thuer, Miss Blaurock, of Orange, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. O'Brien, Miss Williams with her sister and brother-in-law, Thomas Godfrey, Fred. Knox, Peter Redington, Maggie Jones, Nellie and Mary Long, Mr. Samuels, Theodore R. Rose, Max Levy, Samuel Frankenstein, Theodore Lounsbury, E. Souweine, President Schnakenberg of the Brooklyn Society, Jas. F. Donnelly, and a goodly number of the hearing friends of the Union League members.

Our deaf-mute young ladies are at it this time in real earnest. In fact, they have succeeded in raising aloft a banner that will reveal the words "Excelsior Circle" as it floats to the breeze. The residence of Miss Margaret Jones was the centre of hostilities one evening last week. Preceding business, the ladies were served to a dainty little tea. Before adjourning, tea was again served. In the interval between teas, they settled down to more interesting business. They decided *Cushing* was all right this time. They decided their business meetings would be conducted under lock and key. When asked by the JOURNAL man the object of their circle, the reply was brief and to the point, "Social and business purposes." Success should and will surely follow in their footsteps, and some pleasant little events may be expected to originate from the "Excelsior Circle" during the approaching winter. The officers elected were Miss Margaret Jones, President; Miss Nettie Bothner, Vice-President; Miss Clara Davis, Secretary; and Miss Dora Labishner, Treasurer.

A social gathering occurred at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Dunlap, on the evening of November 5th. The occasion was to commemorate the arrival of another birthday over the head of the house.

Chas. E. Green intends to hold court at his residence, 73 Taylor Street, Brooklyn, this coming Saturday evening, November 18th.

A very small audience graced the last annual meeting of the Galludet Home Society, held on Thursday evening, November 9th. The trip to Chicago proved the counter-attraction. Despite the slim attendance, however, Rev. Dr. Galludet was in cheerful spirit. Such events are likely to happen at any time, he remarked. He did not envy the mutes of New York's preference for a World's Fair tour to a meeting of the Home Society. He hoped they would enjoy themselves. The report made by Treasurer Barnes revealed the fact the excursion of last summer had proved a dead loss. The sum of \$43.18 had to be met by the Society. The year's report gave \$639 as the total receipts. This was divided thus: Annual New York Fair, \$460.20; Brooklyn Fair, \$168.80. Of the former the profits from sales alone amounted to \$309, the odd \$100 being credited to donations from hearing friends of the home. Dr. Galludet hoped for renewed interest in the welfare of the society. At present but nineteen members met their annual subscriptions regularly. As each subscription amounts to but one dollar, it becomes apparent, a good many more times nineteen dollars should be met by the mutes who abide hereabouts.

An adjourned regular meeting of the Panwood Quad Club occurred on Saturday evening. The attendance was pronounced, and two members were initiated, bringing the total now enrolled up to forty-six. The fiftieth enrollment will be a curiosity, to say the least. Messrs. Theo. L. Lounsbury and Leo Greis, representing respectively the cities on both sides of the bridge, were the gentlemen proposed and duly placed on the roster. The other business of the evening was somewhat prolonged by the detailed records of the secretary. The picnic committee made their financial report, with something like \$61 to the Club's profit. The date of the "smoker" will be made known by the entertainment committee. Treasurer Fox was the hero of the evening, with his hand in a sling, the result of a broken finger, received in a football battle between the Panwoods and St. John's College eleven. As usual, a symposium occupied the time following adjournment.

Mr. Edward Whalen was this week (Monday) to be taken to St. Joseph's Home for Incurables, Westchester, N. Y. His malady is consumption. The attendants at St. Francis Xavier's on last Sunday contributed to the cost of his transportation from his home to the hospital. He will be accorded the best of medical care, and hopes are entertained that he may ultimately recover.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

[Any little news you would like inserted in this column, send by mail to J. F. O'Brien, 307 Lexington Ave., N. Y. City.]

COLUMBUS.

Principal Currier's Move a Good One.

A FOOTBALL VICTORY.

Varied Intelligence.

(From our Columbus correspondent.)

As we expected, the Institution Press has raised its voice against the change made by Principal Currier in regard to chapel services. We have only been able to see a few of the papers which have spoken on the subject, and these without exception have spoken on the matter under a mistaken idea. Their belabored editorials endeavor to make it appear that religious instruction has been abolished in the New York Institution in order that the time thus saved might be devoted to school room work. And just here is where they are in error. No such reasons were given in the announcement upon which we based our remarks.

When we referred to the change we commended it, and stated the reasons therefor. One of them was that it would give more time to the schools. And this no doubt led the aforesaid editors to the conclusion that it was Principal Currier. Had they put on their "specs" and carefully read the article, they would have had no occasion to speak as they have of the change.

We have nothing to take back. On the contrary, we believe more firmly now than ever that the step taken by Principal Currier is just and proper. One of the reasons advanced for the change is that it simplifies the exercises—*—*La, gives the younger pupil a chance to receive religious training in a manner he can comprehend what is being said or done. The first two or three years a pupil is at the institution, he has no idea of what the lectures are that he sees in the chapel. He is in the chapel, just because he has to be there. In blank astonishment he looks at the speaker, probably because those with him do the same. What was said, he does not know. Such was our experience. How must it be with one deaf from infancy, who knows nothing of God? Certainly he has no comprehensions of the text from which the teacher lectures, nor of the remarks made. The classroom, where pupils are of the same standing, intellectually, and where the instruction can be made simple and of a nature to be understood, is just the place to impart religious training to the young minds, and to the older in comparison to their intelligence. We are just as strongly in favor of giving the deaf religious instruction as the most strenuous advocate, but at the same time desire it imparted in a manner and by such means that all can reap the benefits of the teaching.

The thousands of readers of the *Youth's Companion* will have an opportunity of reading Helen Keller's life story as told by herself the coming year. This the publishers make known in their announcements to the paper. A cut is given of Helen at work on a type-writer.

The Alerts and Giants again engaged in a football contest this afternoon. As on a former occasion, the game ended abruptly on a decision of referee. The first half of the game had been played and favored the Alerts 4 to 0. In the second half, after playing about ten minutes, the Giants claimed to have made four downs within three yards of Alerts, and should therefore be given the ball. The referee decided otherwise, and as a consequence the Giants got mad and quit. By the way, from what we have been told, the members of the club acted very ungentlemanly during the game, making signs that no one with self-respect would bear. They seem to think the deaf are below their equality, just because they are unable to hear. The best thing the Alerts could do would be to refuse to play with the fellows again. During the afternoon the smaller team of the Institution played a game with one from the Sullivan School Building. Robert Drury, a lad fifteen years old and the son of Dr. Drury, while running, fell down in making a split movement, others fell on top of him, and in some way he was dislocated his left thigh. He suffered severely. Doctors were called who administered relief. He was taken to the Hospital by the patrol wagon and later to the home of his father, on Cleveland Avenue. The injuries are not considered dangerous, though it will be some time before he will be able to be around again.

Matters were rather quiet here during and after election. The result of the battle was a surprise to many. The election of Governor McKinley was to be expected, but no one had any idea that his majority would reach what it has, above eighty thousand. Much regret was expressed that Mr. Wm. H. Williams, our former efficient Steward, who was a candidate for County Commissioner, was defeated. Had it not been a year of cyclones he would have gotten there handsomely.

Mr. Stutz, a former attendant and Superintendent's clerk, escaped the general crash.

Up in his country, Wyandot, he

ran for County Recorder, and pulled through, by over three hundred majority. That he will make a good officer there is no doubt, and every body here will congratulate the genial Charlie upon his good luck.

"The Wandering Jew," was narrated to Clonia and those present at its meeting last Saturday evening, by Mr. McGregor. That all were interested in it can be judged from the fact that they wandered with the speaker for three hours through his theme and never seemed to tire.

Mr. C. C. Neuner, accompanied by his mother, has gone to spend the winter in Florida. His address there will be, Citra, Marion Co.

The Alerts upon reaching home from Westerville, last Saturday evening, only brought with them the shekels, the glory they left with the Otterbeins. The score was 56 to 0 in favor of the latter. The College team is composed of large, athletic fellows, and under the conditions the Alerts were no match for them. However, they played very well, and received words of praise from those who saw them. After the game, the college boys invited them over to the college and showed them various objects of interest about the place, and to crown all gave them a good supper.

Miss Cosette, O. L. Thompson, who was the Valedictorian of the class '93, was married October 15th, in Chicago, Ill., to Mr. Frank C. Jette. This news was a surprise to her friends here, as nothing of the kind was thought of while she was here at school. Mr. Jette is in the employ of the Pinkerton Agency. Their home will be in Chicago.

Nov. 11, '93 A. B. G.

KANSAS CITY DEAF-MUTE CLUB NOTES.

It has been a long time since I have had the opportunity to write a few items from our city. The trials and cares of a railroad engineer is the excuse I offer. The Kansas City Deaf-Mute Club, although set back some by the depletion of its treasury, has once again got to the front, and the boys are contemplating renting an additional room and giving a series of over six socials this coming winter. The officers of the club—Messrs. Hunt, Ellmaker, Root, Gilkinson and Miller—will push the enterprise to success.

Those who know Mr. Louis Hecker will be glad to learn that he has safely returned to Kansas City from the rush for land down in the Cherokee Strip. Louis is a No. 1, with a host of friends among the deaf here and elsewhere.

Our erstwhile member, Mr. Henry Miller is doing a good business out in Argentine, a city suburb, making coats and vests for the multitude. Henry is always pleasant and cheerful, and helps amazingly to reconcile the boys in our club room.

President Norman D. Hunt, by virtue of mind qualities and devotion to the welfare of our club, is justly regarded as a leading spirit by the members, and fortunately he is in a position where he can utilize his zeal for the future advancement of our club room.

Our new treasurer, F. D. Ellmaker, deserves credit and praise for his activity, efficiency and promptness in business matters. Being always wide-awake and on the alert, neither his friends nor our club will suffer from his neglect.

Mr. Ross P. Sutton returned to us last week from East St. Louis, and will resume his old position in the packing house. I admire the pluck and pertinacity of Brother Sutton, and the splendid qualities of head and heart which have distinguished him from the start.

Mr. Leroy Settemore and wife have established a cozy home at 2206 McGee Street, this city. Leroy is working for the Arnold Packing Co., cutting meat. He is an earnest worker, a genial, whole-souled fellow, whom it is a pleasure to know.

Seldom have I sharpened my Faber for a more agreeable task than to note the marriage of my esteemed friend, Mr. Matthew McCook, Proprietor of the *Deaf-Mute Critic* to Miss Minnie E. Bowser, of Ottumwa, Iowa, the happy event having taken place October 4th. How much pleasure it would have afforded us to have been present on the delightful occasion, I shall not attempt to explain; but it would have been all that we are capable of realizing, when a friend, noble, strong and true, endowed with every ennobling trait of manhood, appropriates to himself the highest prize man can draw in all the lotteries of life, a beautiful woman, to be his partner, for weal or woe, through life.

It is needless to say how warmly we welcome Mr. McCook and his bride to the ranks of home builders and beautifiers, or how much or how generous we wish them the largest share of happiness and prosperity.

The club gave a social party the evening of November 1st, at their rooms in the Humbolt Building. Two score of our city mates were in attendance. Social games were indulged in until the wee small hours, when all went home in good frame of mind.

Look out for an Oyster Social to be given Thanksgiving Eve. One and all come and be entertained by the club.

PRINCE.

KANSAS CITY, MO. Nov. 6, '93.

The "Gam City" Deaf-Mute Club has a reading room. Mr. W. D. Witt President has given a lecture so it is a very pleasant Jas. Co. way of the Club.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

A Lecture on India.

FOOTBALL INTEREST SUSTAINED.

A Corroborated Statement—Notes and Comments.

From our College Correspondent.

We spoke of a Col. Hallett in the last publication as a distinguished visitor of the week. He is an Englishman, but resided thirty years in India, associated and identified himself closely with all the interests, not only of the English concern, but of the country. He is a professor of University Examination and Higher Education, but is at present traveling in this country in the educational interests of India by an order from Her Majesty the Queen. He addressed the students Monday afternoon, taking as a basis for his lecture a comparison between the United States and India. In area, the United States is twice the size of India, but is one-ninth as crowded in population. In India there are many different races, and hundreds of tribes, each tribe speaking a different language and having their own customs and traditions. The natives are divided socially into two classes, the Mohammedans and Hindoos. Feudatory princes rule one-third of India. Some of these princes possess large domains, and have the power of life and death over their subjects, while others exert a domination of only four square miles. These princes rule a different number of people—all rule more than the English do. There are the Lowland and Highland natives, the former occupying places near the sea, and are directly ruled by the English and are easily kept in submission, while the latter, the blood of our Green Mountain boys, occupy the mountainous countries, are brave and hardy, resisted the English in many an aggressive battle and are more than a mere match for the whites (English). There is many a wall crumbled in ruins, the forfeited estates of former princes, the traces of thrones of war and representative emblems of ages. In an old town we would find long, narrow, winding streets, crowded with people of various characters. The shops are small things; one would find shops of the same kind in certain quarters, and all things have fixed prices. So they don't care to discuss our tariff question and competition in commerce. They work from sunrise to sunset; will keep you waiting for hours, don't mind it. The first railroad was constructed not long ago. The natives, unlike our Red Man, could not for some time understand the fixed fares for certain distances and the fixed hours of leaving and arrival, and why they should be so established. Many houses are built of stucco, have green blinds, and are lighted by electricity. Princes different from the natives, have been drawn by from two to four thoroughbred horses. They have regular English dressed coachmen and footmen, and behind them sit grooms, wearing no apparel except clothes about their waists. This is a specimen of the comical contrast between the modern civilization and the native customs of antiquated fashion seen everywhere among the princes.

India is governed by a viceroy, who represents the queen, and governs of different provinces, an arrangement much like that of our own government. There are four million natives in school; five universities, in which are two thousand candidates for the first degree in arts—nine hundred for B.A., and ten for M.A. The natives in general like the English rule. There are only a few old chiefs, who prefer right of might to right of rule or heritage. They seem to have sided by Mark Twain:

"Three I hear me who find his quarrel just, But four times he who gets his fist there first."

The yearly rate of mortality in India, from snake bites only, is from fifteen to twenty thousand natives. Famine is a common thing in India. In the terrible famine of 1878, after all the assistance the government could render, on account of the great difficulties of transportation, 5,500,000 natives died. The country is not enjoying a high place in education. There are many retardations to civilization; for example, the caste, a kind of society dividing people into grades, and the association with one another is shown with as much abhorrence as to our committing crimes of a ferocious nature.

The position of the native woman is very low, and nothing is harder than to improve them. The Brahmin guards his women so closely that the light of knowledge is as hard to penetrate as it is to approach and teach them. It will be necessary to begin with the lowest orders of society and work up. The woman's low state makes it hard to educate the man. The woman has been termed the complement of man, and is a great solvent of "crankisms" (original) in her husband. She sees clearer than her husband does; finds the jewel when her husband is lighting his lantern to look for it.

"Free Lance" made mention of Miss Mary Nichols of the Blue

Grass State, saying that she "has been attending the Horace Mann School in Boston for several years, and studied lip-reading so well that she is now able to enter the High School at Louisville, Ky., to finish her education." As I was raised up in that section of the country, and although I am a combined-method man, would say that the above statement of Mr. Henry C. White is true, except that Miss Nichols is not attending the High School, but a private school. She has been in the Horace Mann School five years, and am in formed with authority that the young lady in question "was getting along nicely and reciting every day with the class." And am, moreover, told that she "could dance perfectly—never losing step or time" when "she is perfectly deaf." But as to the last case, it is a mere impossibility unless she is a phenomenon, and I would not give credence to this statement. But since the person spoken of as an exception, and the few that succeed upon graduating from the famous oral school are also so, I quite agree with the writer in demanding "a different process of instruction in mental, moral and social ways," for the deaf-mutes who form "the bulk of our school children."

The foot-ball interest has not died since the disbandment of the first eleven, neither has it lacked the hearty support and enthusiasm of the college. On the contrary, it has assumed itself "such a pitch that regret has been expressed by many for the hasty pre-emption entertained that our representative team was too far "in the mud" to prolong its existence. And our cancelling engagements with other teams, especially with those outside the city, has been acknowledged as a "result of bad judgment, and a hasty one, too. Our college will be represented in a few contests before the season will be closed, by a team supposed to be a "scrub" team. In fact the "scrub" team in question is virtually the substance and vitality of our regular college team, slightly altered because of a few injured men.

The team will play at Alexandria November 18th, and a list of challenges will be sent out early by Captain Hubbard, '96.

A party consisting of eighteen students, accompanied by a double guard of two chaperons, enjoyed a herid ride to the Zoological Park, Saturday. The weather was as fine as could be expected, and the time was as finely spent. Of late a number of animals have been loaned to the "Zoo" from the Adam Forebush Show, to be quartered there during the Winter. The "Zoo" is fast becoming one of the largest and grandest parks in the country; it is supported by the Government, but its present place is very recent. Only four or five years ago, what is now a well laid park was a wild landscape.

The friends here of Mrs. Kendall, nee Grace Galludet, daughter of the president, will regret the unpleasant news that her husband, Prof. Kendall, of Williams College, at present in Mexico, is dangerously ill. But we hope the tender care of Mrs. Kendall, who is with him, will bring him out of the danger before many days have passed. Mr. Kendall has been in poor health for over one year, and with a granted leave of absence from his professorship, he has been traveling for the benefit of his shattered health.

The funeral services of Mrs. John W. Chickering were held Thursday afternoon. Dr. Newman, pastor, and Rev. Whittlesey, deacon, both of the First Congregational Church, officiated. The remains were consigned to a plot in the Rock Creek Cemetery. Mrs. Chickering had been in failing health for several months. She first sustained an attack of lung trouble last winter, and had suffered ever since. Her death had been momentarily expected for one week, but she rallied wonderfully till when she was relieved of the earthly cares, Tuesday morning. The Senior Class was permitted to view the remains at the Chickering residence across the campus. We again extend our sympathy to the professor.

From a friend up in Pennsylvania, we learned the fact that, during the summer Mr. Ellsworth Long, '93, took unto himself a wife, a rich hearing lady in Kansas. Whether this is a reliable piece of news or not, we will know later.

Prof. Porter and Gordon have been teaching the classes under Prof. Chickering for several days.

The election excitement of the country was felt in the college. A number of students were out en masse in the city, and kept posted with all the returns from all over the United States.

The Saturday Night Club will doubtless produce an attractive and thoroughly drilled play some time this month. The committee have been kept busy at rehearsals.

The conditioned students had another examination Saturday.

M. M.

KENDALL GREEN, D. C.

Mr. Frank Yost, of West Independence, O., is very busy on his farm. When opportunity permits, he will make a trip to New York.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gilboe, of "roy, N. Y., on Sunday, October 21. It weighed nine and one half pounds, and was christened Katie. Mr. Patrick Welch, brother of Mrs. Gilboe, was godfather.

Miss Lena Schwerdtman, of Newport, Ky., paid Mrs. Eva Mosteller and Mrs. Lizzie Heller, of Easton, Pa., a good visit. She was a classmate of both. She has lived with her uncle and aunt ever since she left the New York School.

CHICAGO.

Suing for a Divorce.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION'S CIRCULAR.

The Boys Will Play Football.

From our Chicago Correspondent.

The divorce case of Linderman vs. Linderman took up the time of one of the courts the last part of the week, and will probably consume part of this coming week. The defendant in the case was formerly Fairy Belle Trapp, a former pupil of the Jacksonville School, and the suit was brought by the husband, a rich old liquor dealer of the South side. Mrs. Linderman was a beautiful and fully developed young woman of seventeen years, when she was influenced by her kinsfolk into a marriage with rich but aged Mr. Linderman, and to carry out their designs they took her away from school before she graduated. As years passed by, either one or both of the parties regretted the bargain, and that together with other things, led to actions that culminated in the suit. Both may be in the wrong, but the discrepancy in the ages of the husband and wife probably had the most to do with it. The plaintiff in his petition gave instances of alleged infidelity on the part of the woman, which her friends are contesting, claiming that the man, who had become tired of his bargain, had planned the trap and inveigled the woman into compromising situations. Linderman is a hearing man.

There have been cases of quite serious sickness in the family of Mrs. Edwin Bowes, of Washington Boulevard. Mrs. Marsh, her venerable mother, was confined to her bed for the last two weeks with pneumonia, the attack at times promising to develop fatally, but good care and her sturdy, New England constitution, pulled her through, and she is rapidly on the mend. And now it is Mrs. Bowes herself. She is now confined to her room with an aural abscess.

Most all the members are back at their respective places of employment, now-a-days, with the exception of those engaged in the iron productions.

I have been handed a circular issued by the American Association to promote the teaching of speech to the deaf, and in it the association disclaims any intention to fight any of the methods now in use, but announces its purpose to bring about the teaching of speech to the deaf to a greater extent than is now practiced. If the association means that those who has lost their hearing after having mastered the rudiments of the spoken language, should be encouraged to practice and improve their speech, well and good; it should be encouraged by the deaf class itself, but if it means to impart the elements of articulation to their children by artificial movements of the lips and tongue, the public should be brought to a realization of the waste of time and money the system entails, and the irreparable injury it does to the completion of the child's education. The late Dr. McIntyre, Superintendent of the Indiana School, used to say that if some of the deaf could hear themselves speak, they would stay dumb all the time.

A football game between the South and West Sides is on tapis for Thanksgiving Day. The South Side team will probably consist of Messrs. Regensburg, Frank, Morton, Somewhere, Gibson, Left, Sansom, Freddy Hyman, Ritchie, Evansen, Kessler and Gordon, and the West Sides will be championed by Messrs Hartung, M. Schutler, Kaufman, Bergler, Foy Des Rocher, Grinn, C. G. H. H., Cushman, Baman and Ryan. The South Side has the advantage in weight, and the West Side in agility.

Jacques Loew has been appointed chairman of the Committee on Entertainment. That is a good choice, as Mr. Loew is a hustler from way back, and will make a fine program.

BOHEME.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.
18—St. Paul, B. street.
19—St. Paul, 10.30 A.M., Church to be announced.
19—Minneapolis, 8.00 P.M., Gethsemane Church.
19—Minneapolis, 7.30 P.M., Church to be announced.
20—Minneapolis, 7.30 P.M., Special Service.
21—St. Louis, 7.30 P.M., Christ Church.
22—Omaha, 7.30 P.M., Cathedral.
23—Lawrence, 3.00 P.M., Special Service.
24—Kansas City, 7.30 P.M., Chapel of Grace Church.
25—Indianapolis.
26—Indianapolis, 9.00 A.M.
26—Indianapolis, 11.00 A.M., Holy Communion.
26—Grand Rapids, 7.30 P.M., St. Mark's Church.
26—Cincinnati, 8 P.M., Lecture. Probable.
26—Cincinnati, 11.00 A.M., Holy Communion.
26—Cincinnati, 3.00 P.M., Chapel of St. Paul's Church.
10—Dayton, 7.45 P.M., Chapel of Christ Church.
11—Columbus, Afternoon.
11—Columbus, 7.30 P.M., Confirmation.

Other appointments will follow in due time. Rev. Mr. Mann's address is 476 Logan Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

FANWOOD.

Two Victories on the Grid-iron.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE QUAKERS--NOTES.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

At Fordham, N. Y., on Thursday afternoon, the 9th inst., the Fanwood eleven met and defeated the Invincibles of Fordham College in a very pretty game of football--pretty, at least, from my point of view. It was their first victory of the season against a hearing team, and was a regular walkover for them. Superior weight may have had something to do with it, but certainly their fine team-work and the presence of two mascots contributed much more to their success. Messrs. J. L. Hayes and J. H. Hogan were the mascots. Buff and blue ribbons (the Fanwood colors) and golden chrysanthemums adorned their coat-lapels, and an exquisite smile enhanced their facial beauty (except when things went wrong with Fanwood). Mr. E. A. Hodgson umpired the game, while a collegian acted as referee. Thirty-minute halves were decided on. Fanwood opened with a wedge, Gooor gaining fifteen yards. Hall advanced the ball four yards. Hare tried for a gain but ran outside the line. He tried again, and scored the first touchdown. No goal. A flying wedge from the centre of the field and some off-side play (I failed to perceive it) obtained Fordham a touchdown. A goal was kicked. Fanwood executed a beautiful "V" in the centre of the field, and Gooor, fortified by Baxter, Avena and Willis, made the grandest run of the day, and the third and last touchdown. No goal. Fox was injured in the hand and compelled to retire. Gooor took his place at quarter and Isquierdo, a substitute, took Gooor's place. Time was called with the ball in the middle of the field. The second half was mostly the referee's game. There was a great deal of disputing, and neither team scored. Wade had his ankle badly wrenched and was carried off the field. J. Markham took his place. Fordham resigned five minutes before time was up.

The teams lined up thus:

FANWOOD (14).	POSITIONS.	FORDHAM (6).
H. Probst	Left End	J. Carrigan
W. Cabrell	Left Tackle	J. Hughes
E. Avena	Left Guard	F. Robbins
W. Willis	Centre Rush	C. Wade
Capt. Baxter	Right Guard	C. Downs
P. Kierian	Right Tackle	R. Charles
S. Cox	Right End	J. Fisher
T. F. Fox	Quarter Back	C. Dunn
P. Hall	Left Half Back	G. Hays
J. Gooor	Right Half Back	F. Quinlan
G. R. Hays	Full Back	Cap. Graniger

Before starting for home, the Fanwood eleven formed a circle on the college grounds, and suddenly there burst from their lips a terrific and deafening roar that sounded something like this:

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Fan-wood, Ah!

The following appeared in the Sun of November 10th:

FORDHAM, Nov. 9.—Football here today. Fanwood Institute, 14, Invincibles of Fordham College, 6. Thirty-minute halves.—N. Y. Sun.

Last Saturday the Fanwood team defeated the Washington Heights Y. M. C. A. eleven on the Bailey grounds. Score 14 to 0. Twenty-minute halves.

Some time past, an Institution exchange spoke rather confidently of the strength of the Mount Airy School eleven. The Fanwood team this year is the best ever produced here. Would it not be a good idea to have the two teams meet this season to decide which is the stronger? A place for the game might be selected whereto the expenses of both teams would be equal, or the game can occur at Mount Airy if the "Injun Kickers" will bear the expenses of the Fanwood eleven to and from the Mount. Capt. Baxter's address is Fanwood, Institution for the Deaf, 162d Street and 11th Avenue, New York City.

The F. L. A. met again in the chapel last Saturday evening. 1st Vice-President Britz presided. Prof. Fox, H. Lamm, H. Bettels and others amused the pupils with funny anecdotes and nursery stories. The meeting was over at 8.30.

Frank and James Avena spent Sunday afternoon at Greenwood Cemetery and brought away evergreens from the graves of distinguished men of bygone years.

Sunday evening passed off in the usual fashion, moral stories being told in the chapel for the entertainment and instruction of all.

Principal Currier spent Saturday and Sunday at Lake Champlain, whither he went for a short rest. Most of the Proteans were present at the Washington Heights Y. M. C. A. entertainment given at the Atheneum, 155th Street, last Friday evening. The programme included a farce entitled, "The Happy Pair," gymnastics, music, and a piece called "Betsy Baker."

Prof. Hall lectured on "Ambition" in the chapel on Sunday morning. Prof. Fox conducted the services in the afternoon.

The brother of H. Lamm called to see him Sunday.

Ground was broken for the new engine house and laundry building, on Monday morning.

B. Smith, our regular centre rush, has for a long time been prevented from playing football, by eczema of the leg.

Important Notices.

Services for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., every Sunday at 2.45 P.M.

Parish Reunion and Sale for the benefit of this Church, in the Guild Rooms, 7 West 18th Street, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, November 21st, 22d and 23d.

Services for deaf-mutes, Sunday, November 19th, Chapel of the Intercession, Boulevard and 158th Street, at 11 A.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., P.M.

On Sunday, November 26th, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet invites deaf-mutes to meet him in St. Annes Chapel, 92d Street, near Columbus Avenue, at 11 A.M., and in the Pro-Cathedral, Columbus Avenue and 110th Street, at 3 P.M.

On Monday, November 27th, at 8 P.M., the Annual Meeting of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes Society, will be held in the Guild room of St. Ann's Church on Tuesday, November 28th, a monthly meeting of the Silent Workers at the same time and place.

On Thursday, November 30th, Thanksgiving Day, and also St. Andrew's Day—there will be sign-interpretations for deaf-mutes at 8 A.M. and 11 A.M., in St. Ann's Church.

On December 3d, the First Sunday in Advent, the Holy Communion will be celebrated at the 2.45 P.M. service for deaf-mutes, in St. Ann's Church, N. Y.

Rev. Mr. Cloud's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.
26.—Kansas City, 10.30 A.M. and 3 P.M., Grace Church chapel.
Address: REV. J. H. CLOUD,
3114 California Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo.

NEW YORK, November 13, 1893.

The showiest change of all in our furnishings is neckwear—biggest, because it shows more; everybody knows the difference between the staid old kind (good in its way) that we used to keep, and the dainty, jolly, ones that are coming in all the time. We used to keep the same sort that most every one else did. Now we keep the best kind: some that they will have when they get around to it, some that there isn't much chance of their getting hold of.

Our furnishings are now about as good as our suits, overcoats, hats, and shoes; they didn't use to be.

A. L. Thomas, a deaf-mute salesman, will be glad to show you our stock at the Prince Street store when you can conveniently call to look at clothing, hats or shoes.

Free deliveries to all points within one hundred miles of New York City, excepting C. O. D. packages.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.

THREE (Price, BROADWAY, Warren, STORES, 13d St.)

THE PEET PRIVATE SCHOOL for Deaf and partially deaf Children. Healthful location in the pines of Southern New Jersey. Number of pupils limited. Correct English; aural development, speech, and lip-reading the prime objects. Constant family associations. For circular of information and references, address: WALTER BROWNING PEET, Hammononton, N. J. 37—3m.

DEAF-MUTE PRINTERS

will find it to their advantage to secure Hodgson's

"Manual for the Guidance of the Printer's Apprentice,"

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Sent to any Address on receipt of Fifteen Cents.

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OHIO STATE DELEGATION—The Buck-eye State's grand aggregation.

INDIANA STATE DELEGATION—The Hoosiers, a fitting group of a remarkable delegation.

WISCONSIN STATE DELEGATION—The Badgers in holiday array.

NEW ENGLAND STATE DELEGATION—The flower of Yankeeedom.

OUR THEOLOGICAL FRIENDS—Revs. Gallaudet, Chamberlain, Kahler, Hasenstab, Mann, Turner, Cloud, Harris, Maginn and others, including lay-readers, church workers, etc.

OUR FOREIGN GUESTS—Genis, Gallard, Chazal, Plessis, Watzulik, Klofverksold, together with other guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Loew, including many prominent Americans as they appeared gathered around the "spread" at Clybourn Park.

OUR TEACHERS—The principals and workers in the Promotion of Speech-Teaching, Drs. Bell, Peet, Gillett, Crouter, Mathison, Connor, Gallaudet (Thos. and E. M.) Clark, Davidson, Noyes, Caldwell, and Miss Helen Keller and her teacher, Miss Sullivan, and many others. Photographed at the University of Chicago.

GENERAL GROUP—Taken at same place, just before above group, contains all the above and many others (about 200) who were guests of the above.

The nine groups on Columbian panels.

Regular price, \$11.25

Per set, 8.00

In ordering state which groups you desire and whether \$1 or \$1.25 style is preferred.

Remember these groups are guaranteed first class or money refunded. Quality not Quantity.

These groups may be seen on exhibition at the JOURNAL Office, New York: Pas-a-Pas Club, Chicago, and of local agents in sections represented.

Pennsylvania State Association at Reading, 1893. Price same as above.

Alex. L. Pack
Photographer
220 NORTH THIRD STREET,
BOSTON, PA.

THE Deaf-Mutes of New England and their friends are cordially invited to the

FIRST ANNUAL BENEFIT PARTY

OF THE

Provident Aid Association,

(of Massachusetts.)

AT

FRIENDSHIP HALL

12 Kneeland St., cor. Washington St.,

BOSTON.

Wednesday Evening, Nov. 29, '93.

The object of the Association is to lend a helping hand to all deaf-mutes worthy of assistance, in groceries, provisions, fuel, etc.

We solicit your aid towards making the affair a social and financial success by purchasing one or more tickets, thereby raising a fund for the Association.

On Thanksgiving Day, turkey will be distributed by the Association to such families as are of deserving assistance.

PROGRAMME.

Opening address by the President; Fancy Dancing by little girls; Spelling Match, Counting Match, Dumb Band, Nailing Match by ladies, and other amusements, with suitable prizes.

The following prizes are offered for the nearest guesses as to the number of Postage Stamps in two sealed boxes:

1st Prize, a Dinner Set of 112 pieces.

2d Prize, a Tea Set of 56 pieces.

3d Prize, a Lemonade Set.

Coffee and Refreshments free to all. Open all night.

Admission for Gentlemen with Lady, 75 cts.

Single admission for Gentleman, 50 cts.

For Lady, 35 cts.

(Children under 12 years, free.)

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

ROBERT DOCHARTY, Chairman,

J. J. McNEIL, THOMAS F. MOODIE.

LECTURE COURSE

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Brooklyn Deaf-Mute Society.

AT

ADELPHI HALL,

(Cor. Myrtle Ave. and Adelphi St.)

Saturday Evening, Nov. 25, '93.

Mr. C. W. Van Tassel,

SUBJECT:

GRANT AND SHERMAN DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Doors open at 7:15 P.M. Lecture begins at 8:35 P.M.

Admission, 15 Cents.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

ALL SOULS' WORKING PEOPLE'S CLUB & CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

This club, organized on September 22d, 1893, and reorganized November 28th, 1893, is entirely non-sectarian, and any deaf person over eighteen years of age may join it by agreeing to pay a small sum of money monthly for its support. The purpose of the club is to supplement the instruction received while at school, by a course of lectures and other literary exercises, and the provision of reading matter of a suitable character. In addition, harmless and rational amusements are supplied. The club has the use of the guild rooms in All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Franklin Street, above Green. The officers of the club are: Rev. J. M. E. Keeler, Secretary and Treasurer; (Vacant) Vice-Chairman; M. C. Fortescue, President; Wm. McKinney, First Vice-President; Herbert Scott, Second Vice-President; R. H. Tristram, Secretary and Treasurer, whose address is No. 1812 Marston Street; Mrs. J. S. Reider, Assistant Secretary; Wm. McKinney, Assistant Treasurer; and, also, Gunkel, Helgeson, and Arms. The club rooms are open on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

APOLLO WORKINGMEN'S CLUB.

The object of the Apollo Workingmen's Club, a branch of Southwark Turn and Songfest, is to advance its members in social, intellectual and physical welfare. Members take regular exercise in the gymnasium of the Verein every Tuesday and Friday evenings. Business meetings are held on the first Saturday evening of every month at the Southwark Turn Halle, 1127-33 Wharton Street. The officers for 1892-93 are: President, William J. Jaggard; Vice-President, Abraham Jaggard; Secretary, James E. Morony; Assistant Secretary, Henry Blackens; and Treasurer, Wm. Henry Jaggard. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary at Southwark Turn Halle, 1127-33 Wharton Street, Phila.

BALTIMORE DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

The Society holds its meetings every alternate Wednesday in the basement of the Primitive Baptist Church, Madison St. Its object is for improving the mental faculties of the deaf, and of cultivating a taste for literature, moral and social intercourse. Lectures will be announced from time to time by the President. The officers are: President, Wm. McKinney; Vice-President, James O. Amos; Secretary, John A. Brantley; Treasurer, John E. Fowle; Sergeant-at-Arms, H. S. Anderson. Address: 1100 N. E. St., Baltimore, Md.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco. President, Theodore Gladly; Vice-President, Koosuth Selig; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank A. Divine. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to: Wm. H. Winslow, 233 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

ANDERSON CLUB.

The Anderson Club of Cincinnati, O., was reorganized in 1893, the name being changed from the Anderson Society organized in 1879, and has for its object the bettering of the mental, moral and social welfare of its members. Open its rooms every night and business meetings on first Saturday night, and ladies' night on fourth Saturday night of each month. Non-resident visitors welcome. A. Reubek, President; B. C. Wortman, Vice-President; S. J. Baehner, Secretary; A. H. Bierlein, Treasurer; Dan J. Kierland, Librarian, and Aug. Boos, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Secretary's address is 36 Jon es Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing into closer intercourse, the former students of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets on the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month at 19 West 27th Street, corner of Broadway. President, Adolph Pfeiffer; 1st Vice-President, Marx Levy; 2nd Vice-President, Simon Hirsch; Financial Secretary, James B. Guss; Secretary-Treasurer, Francis W. Nubser, 904 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

FANWOOD QUAD CLUB.

The Fanwood Quad Club is an organization composed mainly of deaf-mutes who are students and writers for the deaf press, in New York and vicinity, but it is not confined to these alone, and admits any deaf person, who has attained the age of discretion, and is of good character and intelligence. Its object is "to cultivate fraternal feelings, to promote the social relations, and to uphold and assist what is deemed helpful or beneficial to its members as individuals, and to the deaf at large as a class." The officers for the ensuing year are: Edwin A. Hodgson, President; Charles J. Le Clercq, Vice-President; Wm. G. Jones, Secretary; Thos. F. Fox, Treasurer. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Station M, New York City.

GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes, organized 1886; reorganized 1892, and incorporated June, 1892, is an unsectarian society, and holds its meetings Wednesday at 7.45 P.M., at St. Andrew's Hall, 38 Chambers Street, Boston, Mass. Literary exercises once a month, lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1892-93 are: Edwin W. Frisbee, President; A. A. Small, Vice-President; Wm. H. Lane, Secretary; A. T. Tufts, Treasurer, and Mrs. J. P. Frisbee, Librarian. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, 38 Chambers Street, St. Andrew's Hall, Boston, Mass.

GRANITE STATE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, 123 Bowers St., Nashua; Mrs. Minnie Fish, Secretary, Nashua; Willie A. Deering, Treasurer, Pittsfield.

KANSAS CITY DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

This club organized January 7th, 1893, is entirely non-sectarian. Any deaf or semi-deaf gentleman can join by paying the initiation fee of \$2.00 and stipulated annual dues. The purpose of the club is to cultivate the social and mental improvement of its members, to provide suitable reading matter, also social games, and to stimulate general harmony amongst themselves. A good deaf-mute in his private character of father, son or husband fulfill their native claims with fidelity. Honest, sober and industrious we aim to be at all times. Strangers in the city are cordially invited to come and see us. The officers for 1893 are: Norman Hunt, President; He ry Miller, Vice-President; J. D. Elmyer, Treasurer; George E. Root, Secretary; Hiram Gilkison, Sergeant-at-Arms. Address all communications to the Secretary at the Club room, Southeast corner of 14th and Main Street, Humbolt Building, Kansas City, Mo.

MID-WESTERN MISSION.

Embracing the Dioceses of Pittsburgh, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Western Michigan, Chicago, Springfield, Quincy, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Fond du Lac and Milwaukee.

General Missionary—Rev. A. W. Mann, 123 Arlington Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

St. John's Church, St. John's Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

St. Margaret's Mission, Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

St. Clement's Mission, Christ Church, Dayton, O.

St. Alban's Mission, Christ Church, Indianapolis, Ind.

St. Bede's Mission, St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.

St. Mark's Mission, St. Paul's Church, Chicago, Ill.

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